CLAREMONT.

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of *CLARE*.

—Dryadum ſilvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa. Virg.

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CLARENDON.

EARL of CLARE.

THE PREFACE

THET *that have ſeen thoſe two excellent Poems of* Cooper's *Hill and* Windſor-Forreſt; *the one by Sir* J. Denham, *the other by Mr.* Pope; *will ſhow a great deal of Candour if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the Name of* Claremont *to a* Villa, *now belonging to the Earl of* Clare. *The Situation is ſo agreeable and ſurpriſing, that it enclines one to think, ſome Place of this Nature put* Ovid *at firſt upon the Story of* Narciſſus *and* Eccho. *'Tis probable he had obſerv'd ſome Spring riſing among ſt Woods and Rocks, where Ecchos were heard; and ſome Flower bending over the Stream and by Conſequence reflected from it. After reading the Story in the Third Book of the* Metamorphoſis, *'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which* Ovid *had diſpoſſeſs'd her,*

——————vox tantum atque Oſſa ſuperſunt

CLARE-

is

is too great a Violation of Poetical Authority. I dare say the Gentleman who is meant wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors one can say the same of: Experience shows us every Day that there are Writers who cannot bear a Brother shou'd succeed, and the only Refuge from their Indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which Reflection, this Thing ought to have a Pretence to their Favour.

They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the Antient Britons, *and the* Druids *their Priests, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.*

CLAREMONT.

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable the

EARL of CLARE.

WHAT Frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the Brain,
Tho' Few can write, yet Fewer can refrain!
So rank our Soyle, our Bards riſe in ſuch Store,
Their rich Retaining Patrons ſcarce are more.
The Laſt indulge the Fault, the Firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the Offall of their Wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their Ways;
They poche *Parnaſſus*, and lay Snares for Praiſe.

None ever can without Admirers live;
Who have a Penſion or a Place to give.
Great Miniſters ne'er fail of great Deſerts;
The Herald gives Them Blood; the Poet, Parts.
Senſe is of Courſe annex'd to Wealth and Pow'r;
No Muſe is proof againſt a golden Show'r.
Let but his Lordſhip write ſome poor Lampoon,
He's *Horac'd* up in Doggrel like his own.
Or if to rant in Tragick Rage he yields;
Falſe Fame crys----*Athens*; honeſt Truth----*Moorfields*.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through Floods of Ink;
Flaggs with full Sail; and riſes but to ſink.

Some venal Pens ſo proſtitute the Bays,
Their Panegyricks laſh; their Satyrs praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike they paint,
N——'s an *Adonis*; *M*——*r*, a Saint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd Heroes is compar'd
That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt Laughter move,
That aims to make *Salmoneus* vye with *Jove*.

To form great Works puts Fate it ſelf to Pain,
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.

And to perpetuate her Hero's Fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's Rage;
Churchills and *Drydens* riſe but once an Age.
With Earthquakes tow'ring *Pindar*'s Birth begun;
And an Eclipſe produc'd **Alcmena*'s Son:
The Sire of Gods o'er *Phœbus* caſt a Shade;
But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.

* Hercules.

No Bard for Bribes ſhou'd proſtitute his Vein;
Nor dare to Flatter where he ſhou'd Arraign.
To grant big *Thraſo* Valour, *Pharmio*, Senſe,
Shou'd Indignation give, at leaſt Offence.

I hate ſuch Mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this Reproach to reſcue Poetry.
Apollo's Sons ſhou'd ſcorn the ſervile Art,
And to Court Preachers leave the fulſome Part.

What then—You'll ſay, Muſt no true Sterling paſs,
Becauſe impure Allays ſome Coin debaſe?
Yes, Praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with Merit, ſcribble too.

The Man who's honeſt, open, and a Friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſie to offend:
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt, eaſie; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great Good-nature errs;
Deteſting Fraud as much as Flatterers.
'Tis he my Muſe's Homage ſhou'd receive;
If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.

But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline
A Name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately Thine.
When *Pelham* you reſign'd, what cou'd repair
A Loſs ſo great, unleſs *Newcaſtle*'s Heir?
Hydaſpes that the *Aſian* Plains divides,
From his bright Urn in pureſt Chryſtal glides.
But when new gath'ring Streams enlarge his Courſe;
He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force.
In fabl'd Floods of Gold his Current flows,
And Wealth on Nations, as he runs, beſtows.

Direct me, *Clare*, to name ſome nobler Muſe,
That for her Theme thy late *Reſts* may chuſe.
Such bright Deſcriptions ſhall the Subject dreſs;
Such vary'd Scenes, ſuch pleaſing Images;

That

That Swains ſhall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their Bow'rs,
And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours.

But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' advent'rous Part
Where Nature borrows Dreſs from *Vanbrook*'s Art.
If, by *Apollo* taught, he touch the Lyre,
Stones mount in Columns, Palaces aſpire,
And Rocks are animated with his Fire.
'Tis he can Paint in Verſe thoſe riſing Hills,
Their gentle Vallies, and their ſilver Rills:
Cloſe Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure ſpread,
Flow'rs ſighing Sweets, and Shrubs that Balſam bleed.
With gay Variety the Proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright *Horiſon* ſmiling round.

Whilſt I attempt to tell how antient Fame
Records from whence the *Villa* took its Name.

In Times of old, when *Britiſh* Nymphs were known
To love no foreign Faſhions like their own;
When Dreſs was monſtrous, and Fig-leaves the Mode,
And Quality put on no Paint but * Woade.
Of *Spaniſh* Red unheard was then the Name;
For Cheeks were only taught to bluſh by Shame.

* *Glaſtum.* See *Pliny.* Ἰσάτις. See *Diaſcorides.*

No Beauty, to encreaſe her Crowd of Slaves,
Roſe out of Waſh, as *Venus* out of Waves.
Not yet Lead Comb was on the Toilett plac'd;
Not yet broad Eye-brows were reduc'd by Paſte:
No Shape-ſmith ſet up Shop, and drove a Trade
To mend the Work wiſe Providence had made.
Tyres were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,
And thrifty Silkworms ſpun for Times to come.
Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modeſty;
All like *Diana* were below the Knee.

The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,
Surly in Show, unfaſhion'd in Addreſs.
* Upright in Actions, and in Thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in Probity alone;
For Villains had no Titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely Mad;
But ſtill what Fancy wanted, Reaſon had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their Hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in Feaſts, they only eat to live.
No Cook with Art encreas'd Phyſician's Fees;
Nor ſerv'd up Death in Soups and Friccacees.

* *Mores eis ſimplices, à verſutiâ & improbitate noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti.* See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. L. IV. Verſ. Lat.

Their

Their Taſte was, like their Temper, unrefin'd;
For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.

E'er Right and Wrong, by turns, ſet Prices bore;
And Conſcience had its Rate like common Whore:
Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence;
Or Merit was made out by Impudence;
Or Coxcombs look'd aſſuming in Affairs;
And humble Friends grew haughty Miniſters.

In thoſe good Days of Innocence, here ſtood
Of Oaks, with Heads unſhorn, a ſolemn Wood,
Frequented by the * *Druids*, to beſtow
Religious Honours on the † Miſſelto.

The Naturaliſts are puzzel'd to explain
How Trees did firſt this Stranger entertain:
Whether the buſie Birds engraft it there;
Or elſe ſome Deity's myſterious Care,
As *Druids* thought; for when the blaſted Oak
By Lightning falls, this Plant eſcapes the Stroak.

* *Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. L. XVI.
† *Et nihil habent Druidæ viſco, & arbore in quâ gignatur, ſi modò ſit robur, ſacratius.* Plin. ibid.
Et Viſcum Druida. Ovid.

So

So when the *Gauls* the Tow'rs of *Rome* defac'd,
And Flames drove forward with outragious Waſte;
Jove's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So Sacred was the Manſion of a God.

Shades honour'd by this Plant the *Druids* choſe,
Here, for the bleeding Victims, Altars roſe.
To * *Hermes* oft they paid their Sacrifice;
Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wiſe.
Good Rules in mild Perſwaſions they convey'd;
Their Lives confirming what their Lectures ſaid.
None violated Truth, invaded Right;
Yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.
The People's Peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſt
No † Politicks but Publick Intereſt.
Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food;
For all their Luxury was doing Good.

No Miter'd *Prieſt* did then with *Princes* vie,
Nor, o'er his Maſter, claim Supremacy;
Nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſev'ral Centuries obſcure.

* *Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: Poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem &c.* Cæſ.

† *De republicâ, niſi per concilium, loqui non conceditur.* Cæſ. Lib. VI.

None

None loſt their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,
For not believing what None underſtood.
Nor Symony, nor *Sine-Cure* were known;
Nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drone.
Nor was the Way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail *Abigals* with fat *Pluralities*.

But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*
Taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land:
Cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,
And how the † Seaſons travell'd with the Sun:
When his dim Orb ſeem'd wading through the Air,
They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near;
And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try,
When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-ſhot Eye.

All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require
More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin*'s Readers tire.

This Sect in ſacred Veneration held
Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd;
That Matter no Annihilation knows,
But wanders from Theſe Tenements to Thoſe.

† *Multa præterea de ſideribus, & eorum motu, de rerum naturâ &c.* Cæſ.

For when the *Plaſtick* Particles are gone,
They rally in ſome Species like their own.
The Self-ſame Atoms, if new jumbl'd, will
In Seas be reſtleſs, and in Earth be ſtill;
Can, in the Truffle, furniſh out a Feaſt;
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly Squill, the Taſte.
Thoſe falling Leaves that wither with the Year,
Will, in the next, on other Stems appear.
The Sap that now forſakes the burſting Bud,
In ſome new Shoot will circulate green Blood.
The Breath to Day that from the Jaſmin blows,
Will, when the Seaſon offers, ſcent the Roſe;
And thoſe bright Flames that in Carnations glow,
E'er long will blanch the Lilly with a Snow.

They hold that Matter muſt be ſtill the ſame;
And varies but in Figure and in Name.
And that the * Soul not dies, but ſhifts her Seat;
New Rounds of Life to run; or paſt, repeat.
Thus when the Brave and Virtuous ceaſe to live;
In Beings brave and virtuous they † revive.

* *Imprimis hoc volunt perſuadere, non interire animas, ſed ab aliis poſt mortem tranſire ad alios.* Cæſ.

† *Et vos Barbaricos ritus———*
Sacrorum Druidæ———
———redituræ parcere vitæ.
——— regit idem ſpiritus artus: Lucan. Lib. I.

Again

Again ſhall *Romulus* in *Naſſau* reign;
Great *Numa*, in a *Brunſwick* Prince, ordain
Good Laws; and *Halcyon* Years ſhall huſh the World [again.

The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;
Or Gods deſcending in a Morning Dream.
Paſs'd Acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd Events, not ripe for Fate, unfold.
Beneath the ſhady Covert of an Oak,
In † Rhymes uncooth, prophetick Truths they ſpoke.
Attend then *Clare*; nor is the Legend long;
The Story of thy *Villa* is their § Song.

The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,
Was with each Beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry Grace.
His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood;
His Mother, a ſwift *Naiad* of the Flood.
Her Silver Urn ſupply'd the neighb'ring Streams,
A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.

Not lovelier ſeem'd *Narciſſus* to the Eye;
Nor, when a Flower, cou'd boaſt more Fragrancy.

† *Et magnum numerum verſuum ediſcere dicuntur.* Cæſ.
§ *Superſtitione vanâ Druidæ canebant, &c.* Tacit. L. IV.

His Skin might with the Down of Swans compare,
More ſmooth than Pearl; than Mountain Snow more fair.
In Shape ſo Poplars, or the Cedars pleaſe:
But Thoſe are not ſo ſtreight; nor graceful Theſe.
His flowing Hair in unforc'd Ringlets hung;
Tuneful his Voice, perſuaſive was his Tongue.
The haughtieſt Fair ſcarce heard without a Wound,
But ſunk to Softneſs at the melting Sound.

The fourth bright *Luſtre* had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing Cheeks with doubtful Down.
All Day he rang'd the Woods, and ſpread the Toils,
And knew no Pleaſures but in *Sylvan* Spoils.
In vain the Nymphs put on each pleaſing Grace;
Too cheap the Quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the Chace.
For tho' Poſſeſſion be th' undoubted View;
To ſeize, is far leſs Pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe Nymphs that yield too ſoon, their Charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably Fair.
His own Undoing Glutton *Love* decrees;
And palls the Appetite, he meant to pleaſe.
His ſlender Wants too largely he ſupplies:
Thrives on ſhort Meals, but by Indulgence dies.

A Grott there was with hoary Moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mouldring Stone;
Sad Silence reigns within the loanſom Wall;
And weeping Rills but whiſper as they fall.
The claſping Ivys up the Ruin creep;
And there the Bat, and drowſie Beetle ſleep.

This Cell ſad *Eccho* choſe, by Love betray'd,
A fit Retirement for a mourning Maid.
Hither fatigu'd with Toil, the *Sylvain* flies
To ſhun the Calenture of ſultry Skies:
But feels a fiercer Flame, Love's keeneſt Dart
Finds through his Eyes a Paſſage to his Heart.
Penſive the *Virgin* ſate with folded Arms,
Her Tears but lending Luſter to her Charms.
With Pity he beholds her wounding Woes;
But wants himſelf the Pity he beſtows.

Oh whether of a Mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair Daughter of the diſtant Skies;
That, in Compaſſion leave your Chryſtal Sphere,
To guard ſome favour'd Charge, and wander here.
Slight not my Suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity One, a Novice yet in Love.

If Words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant Tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb Petitioners.

From his Complaint the Tyrant Virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the Empire of her Eyes.

Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,
Nor ſeeks from Sleep, or Suſtenance, Relief.
The Lamp of Life now caſts a glimm'ring Light;
The meeting Lids his ſetting Eyes benight.
What Force remains, the hapleſs Lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred Deities.

Haſte, Parents of the Flood, your Race to mourn,
With Tears repleniſh each exhauſted Urn.
Retake the Life you gave, but let the Maid
Fall a juſt Victim to an injur'd Shade.
More he endeavour'd; but the Accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his Tongue.

For him the *Graces* their ſad Vigils keep;
Love broke his Bow, and wiſh'd for Eyes to weep.

What Gods can do, the mournful *Faunus* tries;
A Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lies.
The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent Honours pay.
Th' Aſcent, with verdant Herbage *Pales* ſpread;
And Nymphs transform'd to Laurels, lent their Shade.
Her Stream a *Naiad* from the Baſis pours;
And *Flora* ſtrows the Summit with her Flowers.
Alone Mount *Latmos* claims Pre-eminence,
When Silver *Cynthia* lights the World from thence.

Sad *Eccho* now laments her Rigour, more
Than for *Narciſſus* her looſe Flame before.
Her Fleſh to Sinew ſhrinks, her Charms are fled;
All Day in rifted Rocks ſhe hides her Head.
Soon as the Ev'ning ſhows a Sky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever as the weeping *Naiads* name
Her Cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame.
With them ſhe joins, her Lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely Dales, he rang'd before.
Her Sex's Privilege ſhe yet retains;
And tho' to Nothing waſted, *Voice* remains.

So ſung the *Druids*---then with Rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the * *Delphick* God inſpir'd.

E'er twice ten Centuries ſhall fleet away,
A *Brunſwick* Prince ſhall *Britain*'s Scepter ſway.
No more fair *Liberty* ſhall mourn her Chains;
The *Maid* is reſcu'd, her lov'd *Perſeus* reigns.
From † *Jove* he comes, the Captive to reſtore;
Nor can the Thunder of his *Sire* do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but Diſguiſe;
And Juſtice need no Bandage for her Eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign Lord;
Her Safety to ſecure, Two Powers accord,
Her *Neptune*'s Trident, and her *Monarch*'s Sword.
Like him, ſhall his *Auguſtus* ſhine in Arms,
Tho' Captive to his *Carolina*'s Charms.
Ages with future Heroes She ſhall bleſs;
And *Venus* once more found an *Alban* Race.

Then ſhall a *Clare* in Honour's Cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs Age.
Where Guides themſelves for Guilty Views miſ-lead;
And Laws ev'n by the Legiſlators bleed

* *Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ eſſent futura, &c.* Cic. de Divinatione.
† *Son of* Jupiter *and* Danae.

His

His brave Contempt of State ſhall teach the Proud,
None but the Virtuous are of Noble Blood.
For *Tyrants* are but *Princes* in Diſguiſe,
Tho' ſprung by long Deſcents from *Ptolomies*.
Right he ſhall Vindicate, good Laws defend;
The firmeſt Patriot, and the warmeſt Friend.
Great *Edward*'s * Order early He ſhall wear;
New Light reſtoring to the ſully'd *Star*.
Oft will his Leiſure this *Retirement* chuſe,
Still finding future Subjects for the Muſe,
And to record the *Sylvan*'s fatal Flame,
The *Place* ſhall live in Song; and *Claremont* be the Name.

* *Theologi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipſi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant.* Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.

FINIS.

His brave Contempt of State shall teach the Proud,
None but the Virtuous are of Noble Blood.
For Tyrants are but Princes in Disguise,
Tho' sprung by long Descents from Ptolomies.
Right he shall Vindicate, good Laws defend;
The firmest Patriot, and the warmest Friend.
Great Edward's * Order only he shall wear;
New Light reflecting to the fully'd Star.
Oft will his Culture this Retirement chuse,
Still finding future Subjects for the Muse,
To [illegible] the Sylvan's rural Lore,
Nice Place shall ever Song; and Clermont be the Name.

* Theolgi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipſi vocant, qui a victimarum extis de futuris di-
vinant. Diod. Sic. Lar. Ver.

FINIS.

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